

CLARENCE KING NAMES MT. TYNDALL

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(TITLE 17 U.S. CODE).

1864  
for Dave Robertson

This last step implores an ending. Every  
crevasse, every granule crushed  
is the desire to cross into

a room. Here, the perfumed air  
suggests rest, a

resignation: as if the mauve silk sheets  
of the bed, as if the lithe brown woman  
preparing them for your

body, were themselves the final word.  
In this room, you are imagining silence

and then: *more of the same!* You wait  
for worry. There is only peace, and  
your mind going on, felicitous,

into the blue distance. However, this  
is only the last step, not imagination, nor

love. It has only pretended to be  
sanctuary. Nothing more  
than sweat, a sweet ache in the thigh,

an advance onto the day's last  
height. How

it slips from the present  
without pronouncing the promised . . .  
You are taken

with depth,  
silence sucked into the vacuum

of the valley, *the incessant air!*  
If you fell, earth  
would enter your blood, and

you would sleep, the landed gentry.  
You name this mountain.